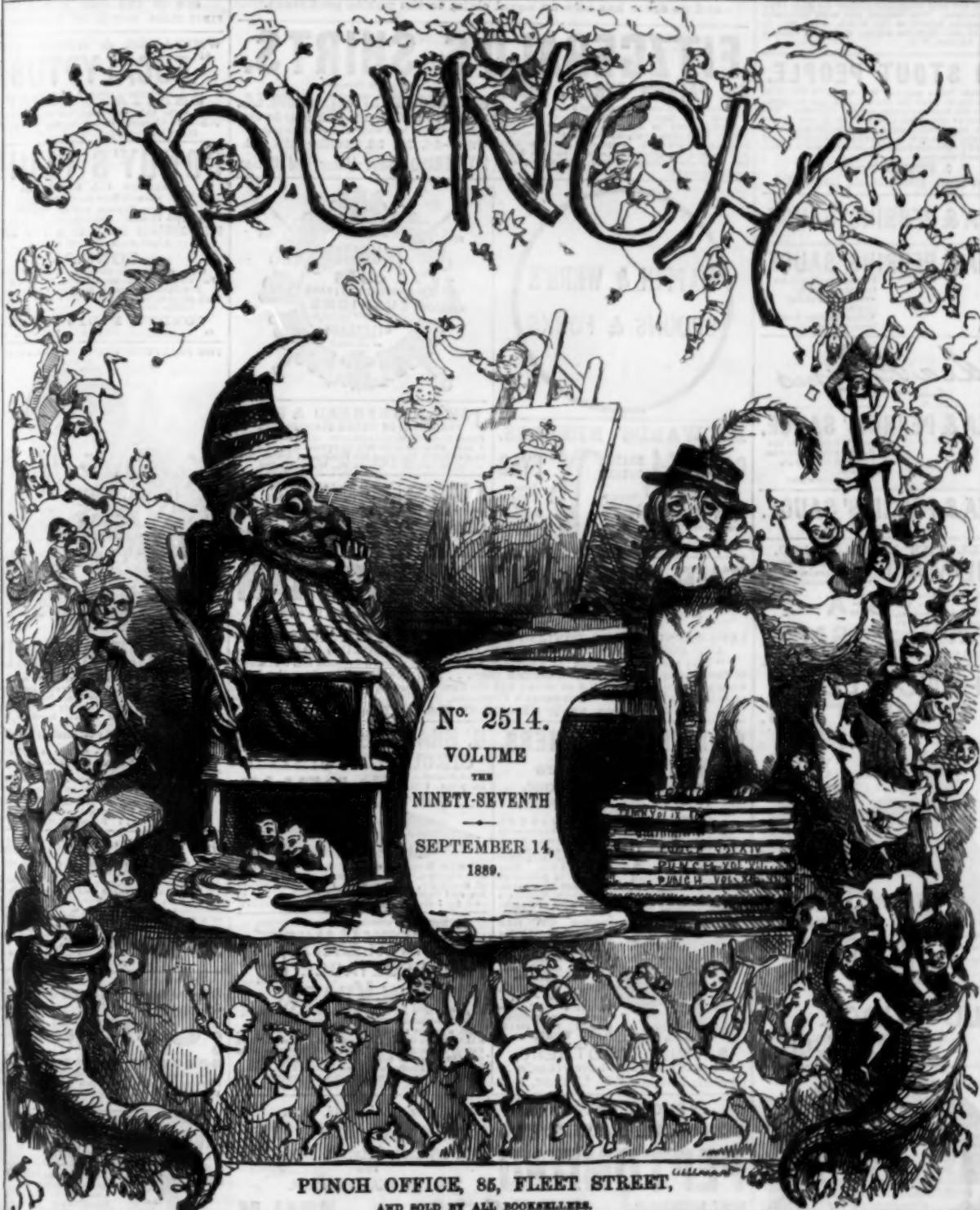


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## UNTILED; OR, THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans: je veux vous contenter."

*Le Diable Boiteux.*

III.

NIGHT once again, dusk unrevealing night,  
Which, like *Mokanna's* veil,  
withdraws from sight  
The city's foulest features,  
A veil transparent to our wandering glance.—  
How droll the universal puppet-dance  
Of Mammon's motley creatures!"

Some guide whispered keenly.  
"Wealth, Work, Wage!  
These sum the salient questions of the Age.  
To fix their right relations  
Puzzles the pundits self-esteemed most wise  
In all the esoteric mysteries  
Of Socialist equations.

"Study the problem here,  
friend." Overhead  
Lush roses like a sky of crimson spread,  
Starched with the snowy  
sweetness

Of stephanotis blooms; bright hues and balm  
Lend to long vistas green of fern and palm  
Voluptuous completeness.

A hard-faced man, yet with the eager eyes  
Of elderly love-fever, stoops and tries  
To snatch a hand unwilling.  
Incarnate calculation looks the churl,  
Yet with blind passion for that shrinking girl  
His every pulse seems thrilling.

And she is poor in all save beauty's dower,  
And he a cockney Croesus. Danaë's shower  
Such wooing symbolises.  
And Danaë, shuddering, yet perforse must  
yield;  
All lesser lovers beaten from the field.  
So Fortune deals her prizes.

"A Bendemeer in Babylon, is it not?"  
Chuckled my strange conductor. "Passion hot

And chill indifference meeting  
In such an artificial Paradise,  
Present a pregnant picture. Art—with eyes—  
Might fix the lesson fleeting.

"Such are poor Beauty's Wages!" "True,"  
I cried,  
"And what are his, the huckster at her side?"  
"Look round, good friend, and reckon,"  
The Shadow answered. "Forty years his feet  
Have followed, followed, masterful and fleet,  
Wherever gain hath beckoned.

"Wealth has he, wide-spread power, and  
fair renown;  
Now Beauty stoops his patient work to crown  
With rapture ere it closes.  
An image he of mingled gold and clay?  
Doubtless. But it is such we see to-day  
Crowned with Catullian roses.

"Her sister now, child of the same light sire,  
Finds other Wages; hers the starveling hire  
Of dull, unlovely labour.  
Behold!" A sombre, small, suburban room,  
The sort of den where Toil plods on in gloom,  
With Poverty for neighbour.

So dingy-draped, dim-lighted, coldly neat,  
The solitary rosebud looks less sweet  
Set on that work-piled table.  
Sedulous stitchery scarce competes with smiles  
From pretty lips, or semi-wanton wiles,—  
Save in dull moral fable.



"Toil and self-sacrifice," my Mentor said,  
"Seek their small stipend here. And, over-head,  
Talent is sitting—idle. [hair.  
See! A broad brow's beneath that matted  
But the wild wrath of genius in despair  
Is difficult to bridle.

"He had the incomunicable gift,  
Invention. Shrewd self-seeking, cautious  
thrift  
Capricious Fate omitted.  
Our Croesus yonder sucked his brain, and here  
He hides, joint thrill of blank despair and  
beer,  
Unmarked, unpaid, unpitied.

"Strange, most unjust?" Good friend, the  
fortunes built  
On such cold theft are many, and the guilt  
Sits on Wealth's conscience lightly.  
In yonder book-lined chamber sits a scribe,  
An honest soul, gold would not buy or bribe  
His pen alert and sprightly.

"Draw near, and over his bowed shoulder  
look. [book.  
Men who Succeed.' The name of his new  
Run down the lines and ponder.

He writes of Croesus on this very page.  
Think you he'll give e'en honour's barren  
wage

To his poor jackal yonder?

"He knows him not; for it is not Success  
To serve another in the social press,  
And miss the glittering guerdon."—  
The scene changed swiftly. 'Tis a thing of  
dread

To see a radiant brow, a golden head

Bowed beneath sorrow's burden.

So gay a chamber—and so sad a face!  
So grim a skeleton 'midst so much grace!

RAHAB amidst the roses

Shows bravely; but alone, at dead of night!

What spectral presence on her shrinking sight

Its warning shape discloses?

These be her Wages! Honey hers and milk,  
In passion's promised land, poor thing of silk;

But solitude's revealings,

Amidst the fripperies of her flaunting state,

Show that, though crowned with flowers,

stone-lipped Fate

Is deadly in its dealings.

"The great Wage Question," quoth my quiet  
guide,  
"Confronts a hurried age on every side.  
I offer no solution.  
Showman, and not Philosopher, am I.  
Judge you 'twixt radiant Rascality  
And ruthless Retribution!"

(To be continued.)

"THE MURMUR OF THE SHELL."—From the "Consular Reports" it appears that a completely new trade has been lately developed in South-Eastern Europe through the exportation of eggs. If the Reports had called attention to the importation of shells, they would, under existing circumstances, have been nearer the mark. It is the foreign fowling-piece, and not the home-bred fowl, that is likely to cause some startling developments in the trade of South-Eastern Europe.

## LOVE À LA MODE.

HE.

The moonlight's on the sea, and on her hair;  
She is a real beauty! How they'd stare,  
The boys, if I brought home a wife—but there,  
What bosh it is to think of love and  
marriage;

She'd want a house,  
we'll say in Gros-  
venor Place,  
Ascot and Goodwood,  
one must go the  
pace,  
And such a fashion-  
able lady's face  
Must smile upon the  
world from out a  
carriage.



SHE.

The moonlight's on  
the sea. I know  
each word  
That trembles on his lips, as though I heard  
Their passionate utterance. Is the thought  
absurd,  
That we two could join hands and live  
together,  
Through all the coming years, a peaceful life,  
As happy husband and contented wife,  
Disdaining all the wild world's ceaseless  
strife?  
Love would find blue skies e'en in stormy  
weather.

HE.

The moonlight's on the sea. I feel, by Jove,  
That what those poet-Johnnies have called  
Love,  
Does stir one's heart. I think if she would  
move,  
And look at me once more, all would be  
Yet, after all, where would one's freedom be?  
While my amount of yearly £ a. d.  
Would not suffice, that's clear, for her  
and me;  
And wild oats seem uncommonly like  
clover.

SHE.

The moonlight's on the sea. What idle tales  
The poets tell of moonlight. What avails  
My love and his?—for love in these days  
fails,  
Though girls would risk it to gain love's  
He thinks that I want diamonds; and I,  
Who for his sake and love's would gladly die,  
Know that between us must for ever lie  
His coward fear lest life should prove a  
burden.

"CHURCHY" TENDENCIES OF THE PRIME  
MINISTER.—Why, of course, hasn't he just  
provided the very Cabinet with a CHAPLIN?



"UPON HIM!"

(Professor Snooze hates Music, and thinks he has discovered a safe retreat from the Enemy.  
Brigand (from round the corner of a Rock). "TAKE FOR THE BAND, SIR?"!

#### "URN-BYE" AS IT IS.

(A Communication from the side of the Dear Sea Waves.)

WHEN my Doctor told me that the air of this place would soon set me upon my legs, he was quite right. It has, and my legs are now most anxious to take me away. Not that it is altogether a bad sort of town—when you know it. There is some very decent bathing, and a circulating library and a clock-tower; but perhaps the great feature



Entertainers both Civil and Military.

of the spot is the Band. It is a military band; not an imitation, like "Somebody's Heavy Infantry," but a real regulation regimental band. Caps, badges, piping-trimmed tunics, sword-belts—everything complete. I am not sure how it got here. In the morning it seems to feel the want of the battalion very deeply, and marches through the town as if it were followed by a colonial, two majors, sergeant-major,

eight companies, colour party, and an adjutant—all *en règle*. Alas! the colonel down to the adjutant are phantoms of the imagination, and the poor Band resembles not a little a locomotive engine which has lost its attendant train. However, after two or three progresses in correct military formation, it takes its place resignedly within measurable distance of the bathing-machines, and discourses sweet music for the benefit of the children on the beach. It is then that the niggers and clowns vanish, to reappear, strengthened by a foreign conjuror, in Court evening dress, at the other end of the promenade.

I am glad to say that the Band does not descend to collecting coppers; but I rather fancy, from what I read in a local paper (price one halfpenny) that it is to have, before the Season closes, a two-day benefit of some sort. Well, I hope the two-day benefit will be a success, for the poor, lone, melancholy regimental band without the regiment is a very good one.

And this reminds me that one of the great attractions of the town is the local halfpenny paper, which is sometimes distributed gratuitously. It is not a large sheet, but it contains a mass of valuable information. We have, for instance, the band programme, the railway time-table, and the announcement of any such wild dissipation as a flower-show held in the Town Hall, or a performance of Miss Rose's excellent Theatrical Company in the Assembly Rooms. The latest news outside our immediate neighbourhood is certainly rather condensed. As an example, were the Autocrat of the Great North to be assassinated at St. Petersburg, our paper would, I fancy, announce the rather startling intelligence briefly,—"CZAR was murdered this morning," while devoting a ten-line paragraph to the graphic description of an accident to a local goat-chaise. Well, we are perfectly satisfied with this distribution of intelligence, for while we are here I fancy we take greater interest in local goat-chaises than in Czars of Russia, however they may be murdered.

I have incidentally mentioned Miss Rose's theatrical company, which I have truthfully described as a very good one. It consists of a large number of ladies and gentlemen, many of whom I fancy, must have only recently adopted the Stage as a profession. When this company visits us, we have a very varied programme. On Monday, for instance, we are introduced to a startling melodrama with some



FANCY PORTRAIT OF MR. BALFOUR ENJOYING A HOLIDAY.

The Right Hon. Gentleman is depicted kindly giving two of the Attendants, supplied by Scotland Yard to protect prominent Members of the Cabinet in London, a little Outing.

such title as *The Band of Blood*; on Tuesday, *Hamlet*; Wednesday, (two pieces) *Cox and Box*, and *A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing*; Thursday, *The Rivals*; Friday, *London Assurance*; and Saturday, we return to our old love (a sure draw), *The Band of Blood*. Thus the ladies and gentlemen of the company have plenty of practice, and if (let us say) Mr. GARRICK MACKREADY ROSCIUS is not quite in his element as *Sir Ralph Rathven*, the wicked baronet in the melodrama, he often has a chance, before he is many days older, of making a very favourable impression as *Box*.

There are other distractions. We have Excursions in a drag (shilling there and back—children half-price) to a very popular ruin, where one can look at the remains of a churchyard washed away by the sea, and exchange courtesies with the friendly sheep of a venerable caretaker, and (once a year) we have a Regatta. This Season the

Regatta would have been a stupendous success (we had enough flags to have paved Cheapside) had not a dead heat between two rival crews led to a contest on land, which was not included in the programme, and which was even more exciting than the contest on water.

Then our visitors are most delightful. We have HARRY without his "h," and EMILY with a supplementary aspirate. 'AHEY wears white flannel trousers, and HEMILY a cricketing cap that bursts into blossom just over the peak. Their conversation proves them both to belong to what the Lodginghouse-keepers call "the 'igher classes."

And this reference to the Lodginghouse-keepers reminds me that perhaps the most startling thing in the whole place is the price asked for apartments. But here I am obliged to stop (or rather go), as my legs will insist upon hurrying me off to the railway station!



NO LIBEL.

PORTRAIT OF A RECENT BARN-FACED IMPOSTOR.

## A DEVONIAN PERIOD.

*Advantages—Per Contra—The Mountaineer—Geology—Proposition—Wasp—Excursion—Watermouth—Entertainments—Torr's Walks—Ha'porths—Sunset.*

ILFRACOMBE is decidedly not a fashionable watering-place. By "fashionable" I understand such places as Eastbourne, Brighton, Folkestone, Ryde, Cowes, Dieppe, Trouville, Deanville, and so on where Society rings the changes on costumes, and lives Town life with additional excitements, and under invigorating climatic influences. If there be a beach, sands, and a pier, then there are the inevitable niggers, Aunt Sallies, and all the stale tomfooleries of the Derby Day. Of course, there is the usual treadmill promenade, and the tall hat and gloves show for Church Parade on Sunday.

Now from most of this Ilfracombe is free, with the exception of the traditional top-hat and shiny best coat of the highly-respectable *bourgeoisie*, on Sunday; but these seem to be worn with a difference, more out of respect to the day than for mere Vanity Fair's sake; though, of course, being out in such complete smartness, JACK and JILL, and JACK's and JILL's worthy parents and brothers and sisters feel themselves bound to walk up Capstone Hill, just to shake off the drowsiness caused by the Rev. PAOSEN's discourse, and to obtain a good appetite for the half-past one meal.

The curse of Ilfracombe on Sunday is that uncompromising, uncharitable, intolerant Salvation Army, with its snug, stuck-up, howling fanatics, and its brazen-lunged and drum-banging band. Their preachers, preaching only to their own followers, are street nuisances, and, on the rocks, where you would fain retire into solitary communion with your best self, these ignorant, vulgar, conceited sectarians come ranting and roaring, to the utter discomfit of all quiet, retiring contemplative persons.

There is another occasional nuisance in orthodox imitation of the Salvationist system, and this is a service for children on the rocks every morning, patronised by a clergyman of position. Their omnisseries ask little children to join them in hymn-singing; but, with

satisfaction I have noticed several little ones give these well-intentioned but officious amateur Apostles a decided and unexpected snubbing.

The amusements are of such a simple kind as give much pleasure to those who come to Ilfracombe to enjoy everything out of doors, and who, being contented with rides, drives, and walks, avoid hot rooms, crowds, music-halls, and theatres.

"The country is simply too beautiful for anything!" exclaims Miss BRONDESLEY. "Why it's quite an insult to call it a miniature Switzerland," she says, going off into a wild laugh at the idea.

"It isn't Switzerland at all," complains COPLBY MARKHAM: "I wish it were." And he suddenly jerks out his watch and consults it gravely, as if considering whether he would just have time to catch the next train to Switzerland or not.

"Splendid ferns everywhere," says Miss NETLEY, who is seldom out without an Alpine-stick and a basket, as if she were going to market.

"I'll tell you where there are lovely ones," cries our mountaineer, young HARRY SKRYMMAGER, who is always in full climbing costume, with a formidable knife in a sheath, fixed into some mysterious part of his back. "Most useful thing," he explains. "I learnt it"—he speaks of the knife as if it were a musical instrument—"when I was in Norway. You stick it into a cleft in a rock, and it makes a handle. It digs up roots, opens gates—and it's no end serviceable."

Young SKRYMMAGER is full of useful information. He has recently passed an examination for something or other, but happening to arrive in the first three, and there being, unfortunately, only two vacancies, he finds himself temporarily cast adrift, literally crammed with stores of useful knowledge, which he takes every opportunity of distributing in small parcels, so to speak, to his friends, on every possible opportunity. I suppose it is owing to his having been so long and closely engaged in study that he is now so restless as to be unable to sit still for more than five minutes together, even at meals. He is politeness itself. "Let me hand this," he says to Our Mrs. COOK, jumping up from his seat suddenly, and seizing a dish of hot potatoes. Whereat, of course, Miss BRONDESLEY gives a little scream, and exclaims, "Oh, that HARRY SKRYMMAGER! He's quite like a whirlwind!" and then she is shaken with one of her irresistible laughing fits at the absurdly striking resemblance which young SKRYMMAGER, politely handing a dish of potatoes, must evidently bear to a whirlwind.

Immediately the meal is over SKRYMMAGER draws his weapon, takes a stick, puts on his hat and asks, "Now who's for Score Woods and for fern-collecting? then on to Lee, and perhaps round by Morthoe and Wcolcombe Sands, and so back to dinner?"

"How far is that?" inquires the Poet, cautiously.

"Oh, ne distance," replies HARRY SKRYMMAGER, vaguely; "but it's lovely country. There are Silurian rocks, and then there is that red strata peculiar to the geological period called Devonian. Fancy elephants and lions having been all over the place." Mrs. COOK, looking up the biscuits in the sideboard, pauses in horror. Elephants and lions! When? Where?—and to think of all the little COOKIES about? She had not caught exactly what Mr. SKRYMMAGER was saying, and supposed that the beasts had got loose out of a travelling menagerie, "as they did once at least, so I have heard, somewhere in Kent," she says; "and a lion came in at the door of a house where three old maids lived, just as they were quietly at tea."

"Oh," says SKRYMMAGER, "I meant thousands of years ago. There was a skeleton of a lion from here somewhere by Lynton, and there's a pebbly beach right at the top of a hill, showing," he continues, dealing out a parcel or two from his useful-knowledge stores, "that, at some time or other, all this was under sea, because you'll find corals, encrinites, trilobites and shells, and the discoveries in the Siluro-Carboniferous interval are still more interesting."



The Wild Fern Gatherer.

"Good gracious, Mr. SKRYMMAGER!" cries Miss BRONDELY, gasping as if her breath had been quite taken away by this sudden avalanche of information, "what terrible things you are telling us!" And she glances round from one to the other in a playfully timid frightened manner, as she places her miniature pocket-handkerchief to her lips as if to repress a coming shriek.

But HARRY SKRYMMAGER is in a generous humour, and he is going into further interesting details about "argillaceous slates, schistose grits, traces of quartz at Morthoe and manganese at Woolacombe Sands," when Our Own Mr. COOK says quietly, "I've arranged for you all to go down to Watermouth Caves on the sea-shore. There are two donkey-chairs coming, and a spare donkey for those who like to 'ride and tie.' We start in half an hour. It's low tide at four, and just the day for the excursion."

"Oh, Mr. COOK!" exclaims Miss BRONDELY. "Am I to go into a cave—into a dark, horrible cave—on the sea-shore, among the pirates and smugglers? Are there any smugglers? Oh, my dear," she turns appealingly to our hostess as Miss NETLEY refuses to listen to her; "my dear! aren't you frightened?" and she flops down on the floor by Our Own Mrs. COOK's chair, and buries her head in her hands as if in abject terror, laughing hysterically all the time. Our hostess takes her under her protection, murmuring soothingly, "Dear JENNIE!" as she protests that, if there were anything terrible in the caves, her husband wouldn't have arranged for any-one to go there, which is at once a common-sense and yet sympathetic view of the case.

"Oh!" exclaims the impulsive Miss BRONDELY, kneeling up suddenly, and folding her hands like a pretty nursery picture of "the little one at her mother's knee,"—of which, perhaps, a glimmering recollection occurs to her mind at this moment,—"I'll go wherever you go." She says this with a little tremulous laugh, as she looks into Our Own Mrs. COOK's quiet eyes. Then she smiles a smile of such sweet and tender confidence that it would have softened even the heart of Hubert, if he had had to deal with Miss BRONDELY instead of little Prince Arthur—or would have irritated him beyond all control, and made him do something desperate.

"We may find some octopuses," says HARRY SKRYMMAGER, in serious earnest, as he sharpens his knife on the leather sheath.

Miss JENNIE looks up and pouts, as if begging him not to try and impose on her with his nonsense about octopuses.

"There are octopuses about," says Miss NETLEY, "just as in Jersey," and Our Own Mr. COOK presumes it is not improbable. COPLEY MARKHAM wishes we were on the coast of Brittany, and GILLIE KING recollects having heard of several being seen somewhere about, though on reflection he rather thinks these must have been porpoises. The Poet is recalling that scene so graphically described by VICTOR HUGO, when Miss BRONDELY starts up, nearly upsetting Our Own Mrs. COOK, crying, "Oh, a wasp!"

"Don't hit it!" "Don't touch it!" "Leave it alone!" "Where is it?" Everyone is shouting, and the room is cleared. A start is made for Watermouth Caves, a trudge of about three miles and a half, with a visit to the caves in boats at sixteenpence a-head. "Interesting, but not remarkable," says GILLIE. "Better in Brittany," says COPLEY.

"You didn't come with us," I observe to one of our party, MR. RUDOLPH SHULZ, a quiet, rotund, grey-bearded, and middle-aged gentleman, whose life's studies have been among the driest and most tiresome works on the highest and deepest philosophical and theological subjects, and whose professional income is derived from contributions, under a well-known and highly popular nom de plume, to all branches of the very lightest literary and dramatic work.

He generally carries about with him a curious old book or two, in antique binding, and has pencils, note-books, and portable dictionaries, concealed about his person in all sorts of out-of-the-way pockets. He does not care for "views," except philosophical and theological ones, and rarely accompanies us on any excursion. For the greater part of the day he reads on the rocks, "and," he says, in replying to my observation, "when I am fatigued with that, I assist at a most interesting performance of Punch and Judy, which takes place on the rocks at 12:30, four, and (by torchlight) at seven."

Punch and Judy on the rocks is one of the principal entertainments by day or night. There are three performances, and if anyone wants to see the legitimate drama of Punch and Judy in its entirety,

without any sort of curtailment, but with an occasional introduction of a character or two quite in keeping with modern requirements,—just as in the dialogue interspersed with songs, after the style of a Vandeville, are brought topical allusions exactly up to date,—I say if anyone wants to see this (as far as I know) unique performance, he must come to Ilfracombe before Professor SMITH with his Royal Punch Show—which he carries, as a snail does his house, on his back—leaves the place. Or he must follow him through his tour in the provinces.

There are two other entertainments on the beach—one provided by the strong man, who ties himself up, and unties himself, and who I don't think has a great following, as I have frequently seen him wandering about the promenade in a sort of acrobatic bathing-dress, folding his muscular arms as he regards the crowd about Punch and Judy, and listens to the irritating squeak of the chief performer, with the melodramatic scowl of the blighted professional, who mutters to himself, "Hal hal! a time will come!" The second entertainment is composed of two hideous-looking persons in slouch hats, and dark-blue spectacles, who travel with a grand piano, and call themselves "The Original Mysterious Minstrels." One of them is a powerful tenor, who does the sentimental part of the performance, and the other, a big fat man with a husky voice, is a baritone, who as the low comedian, sings CORNEY GRAIN's and GROSMITH'S songs.

There is a good town band, who are not on speaking terms with the Mysterious Musicians; and, in fact, the jealousy between the two parties of entertainers reached such an acute point as to threaten the harmony of the place by splitting it up into factions. When, indeed, the opponents met under one roof, and some wanted the band and others the singers, it was evident we couldn't have "songs without words." A truce, however, was proclaimed during the remainder of the Mysterious Minstrels' sojourn, and all ended well without the intervention of the police.

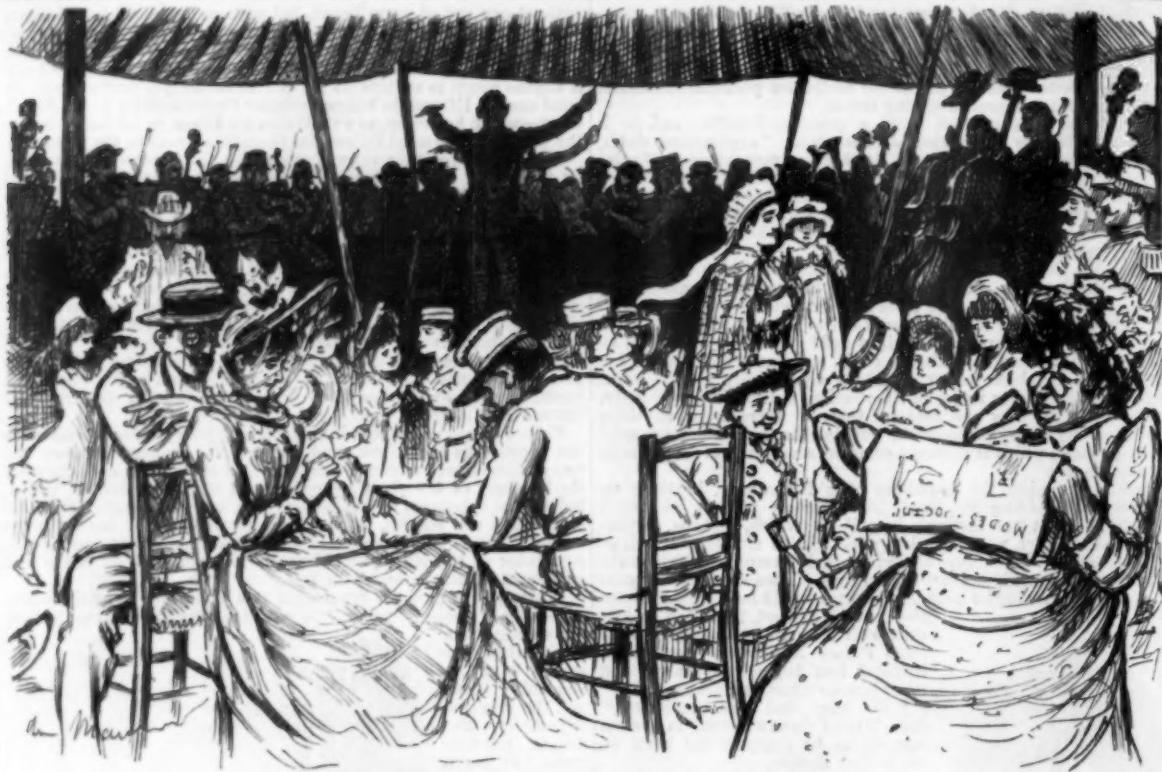
Where people most do congregate is a miniature Crystal Palace, called the "Jubilee Shelter," to which admission is free, (and no less welcome than free), when the stormy winds do suddenly blow, and the rain unexpectedly descends in torrents. It has a hot, passionate temperament, this North Devon; it is all smiles, radiant; all of a sudden it frowns, it looks black, there is an awful row, and then it bursts into tears—a deluge—it is all over—and out comes the sun again, and all is bright, joyous, and happy, and everybody about the Capstone Hill blessed the authorities for the shelter, with as much gratitude as, proverbially, the North Briton blesses His Grace of ARGYLL. Every evening we go on to the Torr's Walks, and have a ha'porth of Sunset, and a ha'porth of North-Westerly Atlantic breeze, and cheap at the price. "It is very wonderful," observes Miss JENNIE BRONDELY, for one instant thoughtful, as she takes a last fond look at the setting sun. "Now it's going to the Antipodes. I suppose it's beginning to be daybreak in Australia."

"Not exactly," replies HARRY SKRYMMAGER, seizing the opportunity of getting rid of some of his scientific cargo. "You see, the earth's motion round the sun is in this way—" And he commences an illustration with two pebbles, which he picks up for the purpose.

"Oh, don't try it on me!" cries Miss BRONDELY, exploding with merriment. "I don't care to know how a conjuring trick is done. The sun disappears—down it goes—and the people in the Antipodes have the use of it when we've done with it. I think it's very nice that we should have it first;" and, delighted with her own sharpness in putting the solar system into a nutshell, and shutting it up, (and HARRY SKRYMMAGER as well), she runs up half a scale of laughter, waves her handkerchief as bidding adieu to sun, science, SKRYMMAGER, and all argument, and steps out briskly, as if she didn't care what became of her, even if she tripped over the edge of Torr's Walks into the sea.



A Ha'porth of Sunset on the Torr's Walks.



UN BON MAUVAIS QUART D'HEURE.  
(WAITING FOR ONE'S BATHING TENT AT THE DIEPPE CASINO.)

#### FROCKS IN FRANCE.

*A Respectful Protest.*

O LADY, when leaving our England to visit  
At French seaside places, how strangely you dress !  
We look at your frock, and we murmur, What is it,  
A bathing costume, or attempt to express  
Your scorn of the frog-eating natives, by wearing  
A mixture of hues inexpressibly vile ?  
With true English insolence haply not caring,  
Although well-dressed Frenchwomen sneer with a smile.  
And why do you semi-convulsively wriggle,  
In aimless contortions of pleasure or pain ?  
How is it you try on an infantine giggle ?  
Oh, elderly *ingénue*, prithee explain !  
When at home you are not so aggressively skittish,  
With antics like monkeys when learning to dance ;  
And there's one sort of laugh, only heard from the British,  
That makes you the terror of masculine France.  
*Autres pays, autres mœurs.* Does the air change demeanour,  
That you "gallivant" in unfeminine way ?  
When at home, you've an aspect more staid and serener  
Than that which you make us ashamed of to-day.  
To the country of *Worrah* why bring frocks so appalling,  
And hats so outrageously little or big,  
That the very street-boys can't be scolded for calling  
Out words of disdain of your insular rig !

"IN THE HEAT OF THE MOMENT."—The chief commiseration for the honest Jack-tars returned from the recent Manoeuvres must be reserved for the stokers on board the *Nymphe*, the ventilation of whose engine-room was so deficient that the temperature rose to 113°, while in the bunkers 180° was registered, a heat which it is not surprising to hear caused the coal to become ignited ! It is not stated clearly what remedy is proposed for this state of things ; but if the Lords of the Admiralty turn another crew into the *Nymphe* without thoroughly overhauling her, they will certainly be making it hot for them (and it is to be hoped for themselves) with a vengeance.

#### "BETWEEN YOU AND ME AND THE POST."

MR. PUNCH, SIR.—I have been much exercised by a paragraph I lately saw in an evening paper, in its summary of the Postmaster-General's Annual Report on the work of his office. It seems, according to the veracious journal in question, that there exists "a tomtit, who builds her nest in a private letter-box by a farm-gate. For two years she resented the intrusion of the letters, and pushed them out as fast as they were placed in the box. This year, however, she permitted them to remain, and successfully hatched *five young ones*." Now, Sir, this may strike the Postmaster-General as merely a curious and entertaining fact, but he does not seem sufficiently alive to the grave inconvenience that would be caused were the example of this misguided bird to be generally followed by the feathered tribe. Speaking for myself, Sir, as one of the Public, I wish any letters I intrust to the post to be duly delivered, but I emphatically object to their being hatched in course of transmission by any bird whatever. If a letter is posted "young," as I presume is the case with all properly posted missives, how long will it be before it is able to leave the parental pillar-box ? and, again, how can we be sure that it will retain sufficient instinct to fly to its original direction ? And—a more important question still—what manner of fowls will letters posted and hatched in this highly irregular and officious manner turn out, on breaking the envelope ? Will you kindly relieve my natural anxiety on these important points, and allow me to subscribe myself,

A PERPLEXED ORNITHOLOGIST.

[The last point is the only one to which Mr. Punch can offer a reply with any confidence. Letters hatched as his correspondent describes, would probably turn out either Tell-tale-tits or Round Robins. However, such queries open up a wide and interesting field, which we commend to all students of un-Natural History.]

#### Verb. Sap.

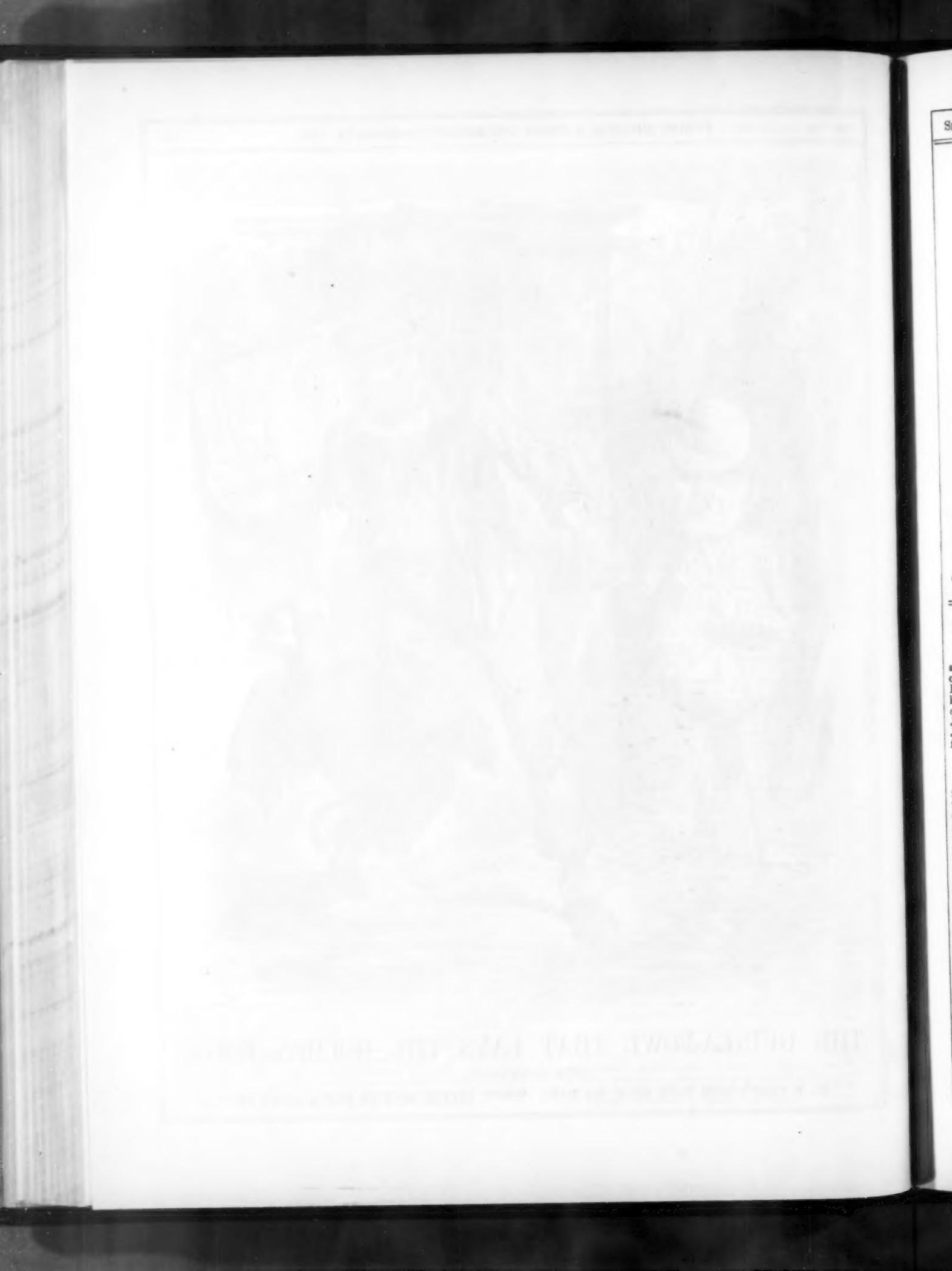
A LITTLE more love between neighbour and neighbour,  
In Trade, would work change to move cynics' astonishment.  
Were Capital not so dead set on Hard Labour,  
And Labour less eager for Capital Punishment !



## THE GUINEA-FOWL THAT LAYS THE GOLDEN EGGS.

(Æsop slightly altered.)

MR. P. "DON'T LOSE YOUR HEAD, MY MAN! WHO'D SUFFER MOST IF YOU KILLED IT?"





## THE MODERN HEADSMAN.

CELEBRITIES BEGGING FOR MERCY OF THE CARICATURIST. HEADS TAKEN OFF WHILE YOU WAIT.

## THE MUSIC AT THE GLOUCESTER FESTIVAL.

(By One who was sent to take Notes.)

GLOUCESTER, celebrated for its cathedral and its cheese, had put on its gayest aspect for the Festival of the Three Quires, so called from the number of sheets of paper which, on the average, it causes each correspondent writing about the Festival to consume. The architecture of the old city seems in many places to have been imitated from the new decorations of Her Majesty's Theatre. Of course there was a good deal of "bunting" about, though the famous critic, Mr. JOSEPH BENNETT, has failed this time to enlarge on the subject. I can fancy J. B. apostrophising his once well-loved "bunting" in some such strain as the following:—

Bye, bye, baby BUNTING,  
JOBY's gone a-hunting,

Picking up some newer chaff  
For the *Daily Telegraph*.

J. B. did good and serious work for the Festival in the "book" he prepared for Mr. LEE WILLIAMS, a Composer whose music possesses genuine charm, and whose fame already belongs, not to Gloucester alone (where he is Cathedral organist), but to all England. I had expected from him a *Cantata* on some local subject—a glorification, for instance, of Gloucester's unrivalled salmon, ending with a septett in which some of the leading inhabitants of the river should with one voice utter the touching declaration,—"We are Severn!" Mr. LEE WILLIAMS had been furnished, however, by the said J. B. with a poem of solemn import, which he has set to appropriately pathetic music.

Among the big fishes really present (see the names in the programme) was small FRY, who persisted in declaiming something throughout the performance of Dr. MACKENZIE's beautiful and impressive *Dream of Jubal*. *Jubal* never dreamed of small FRY, and it would be well if some arrangement could be made by which this really clever reciter should get his recitation finished before the music begins—or afterwards. We had two FRY days in the Festival week; Monday, when FRY rehearsed, and Tuesday, when he publicly recited.

There is much to praise in the music, and much to object to in the *libretto* of Dr. HUBERT PARRY's *Judith*. All that is dramatic in the admirable story of the Jewish heroine has been carefully expunged by the Composer, who is his own librettist; and by mixing up the remainder with the revolting story of *Manasseh*, the degraded Jewish king, he has produced the strangest of jumbles. If Dr. HUBERT PARRY does not like the slaying of *Holofernes* by *Judith*, neither do I like the massacre of those innocents abroad, Master JONES and Master LESSON, at the shrine of Moloch. Besides Master JONES and Master LESSON (such, according to the Book of the Words, were the names of *Manasseh*'s children), several Priests and one High Priest take part in the action. I am astonished that the Composer did not see the propriety of writing the part of the High Priest for the alto voice. Dr. HUBERT may parry some of my objections. But *Punch* and *Judith* will never agree.

The great day of the Festival was Thursday, when Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN's *Prodigal Son* was performed in the morning, and his *Golden Legend* in the evening. This attractive combination had the effect of increasing the population of Gloucester for twenty-four hours to such an extent that the cheese-famed city seemed suddenly to have developed from single Gloucester into double Gloucester. The *Golden Legend* is a traditional tale of a fortune amassed at Gloucester by an hotel-keeper during the Festival week; while the *Prodigal Son*, is the sad story of a young man who, in spite of his father's warnings, lived an entire Festival week at a Gloucester Inn. The execution of the *Prodigal Son* pleased me. Not that he is put to death—you know what I mean. There was one remarkable defect, however, in the singing of Mr. EDWARD LLOYD. The *Prodigal* after his brief period of plunging, had lived on husks. It would have been at once realistic and subtle to have indicated this by a little huskiness in the voice of his representative. Far, however, from being husky, Mr. EDWARD LLOYD sang his part with provoking clearness.

I must not forget SIRR'S concerto, introduced by CARRODUS Junior—Sirrah BERNHARD CARRODUS. During the performance the E string of Sirrah BERNHARD CARRODUS's violin suddenly snapped. Having now only three strings to his bow, the young man went to his father—and might have fared worse. The Governor, as leader, was close at hand. He passed his instrument to his son; and the orchestra's first violin became the soloist's second fiddle. The playing of the youthful CARRODUS quite carried us away.

## BLACK AND TAN.

(*A Pedestrian's Poem.*)

BLESSINGS on him who furnished forth our lives  
With comfort hitherto absurdly lacking;  
Furthered that ease for which man fondly strives,  
And dealt a blow at that dark despot—Blacking!  
No longer need we be the suffering slaves  
Of a gregarious folly, and foul weather,  
We find the freedom every walker craves  
In pedal coverings of russet leather.  
A certain portion of pedestrian travel  
Everyone's destiny plays some small part in;  
Now may we pace on pavement, asphalté, gravel  
Defiant both of dirt and DAY AND MARTIN.  
Boot-blacks may mourn and Blacking-makers moan,  
Others hail all that helps man to abolish  
That dual despotism, dreadful grown,  
Of needless nigritude and futile polish.  
Blackness is dear unto the modish man  
Who is more servile than a well-trained terrier;  
But now we have a choice 'twixt Black and Tan  
Life will be easier and humanity merrier.

THE unhappy wanderer in the back slums of Belgrave is again complaining of being stifled as he takes his walks abroad, by the intolerable stench that proceeds from every gully and drain-opening that he passes on his way, and he asks in despair for a remedy. It is much to be feared that his question will meet with no reply. He might, perhaps, personally assault the Sanitary Inspector of the District, which would at least accord his grievance the notoriety of a Police Court, but it must be admitted that, beyond getting fined and bound over to keep the peace, nothing satisfactory could really come of such a proceeding. Of course the proper thing is to get the Vestry to take the matter in hand, and immediately vote a handsome sum for the erection of a series of lofty ventilators to carry the poison away into upper air above. But will the Vestry take the matter in hand. That is the question that the unhappy wanderer must ask himself, and answer, we fear, in the negative!

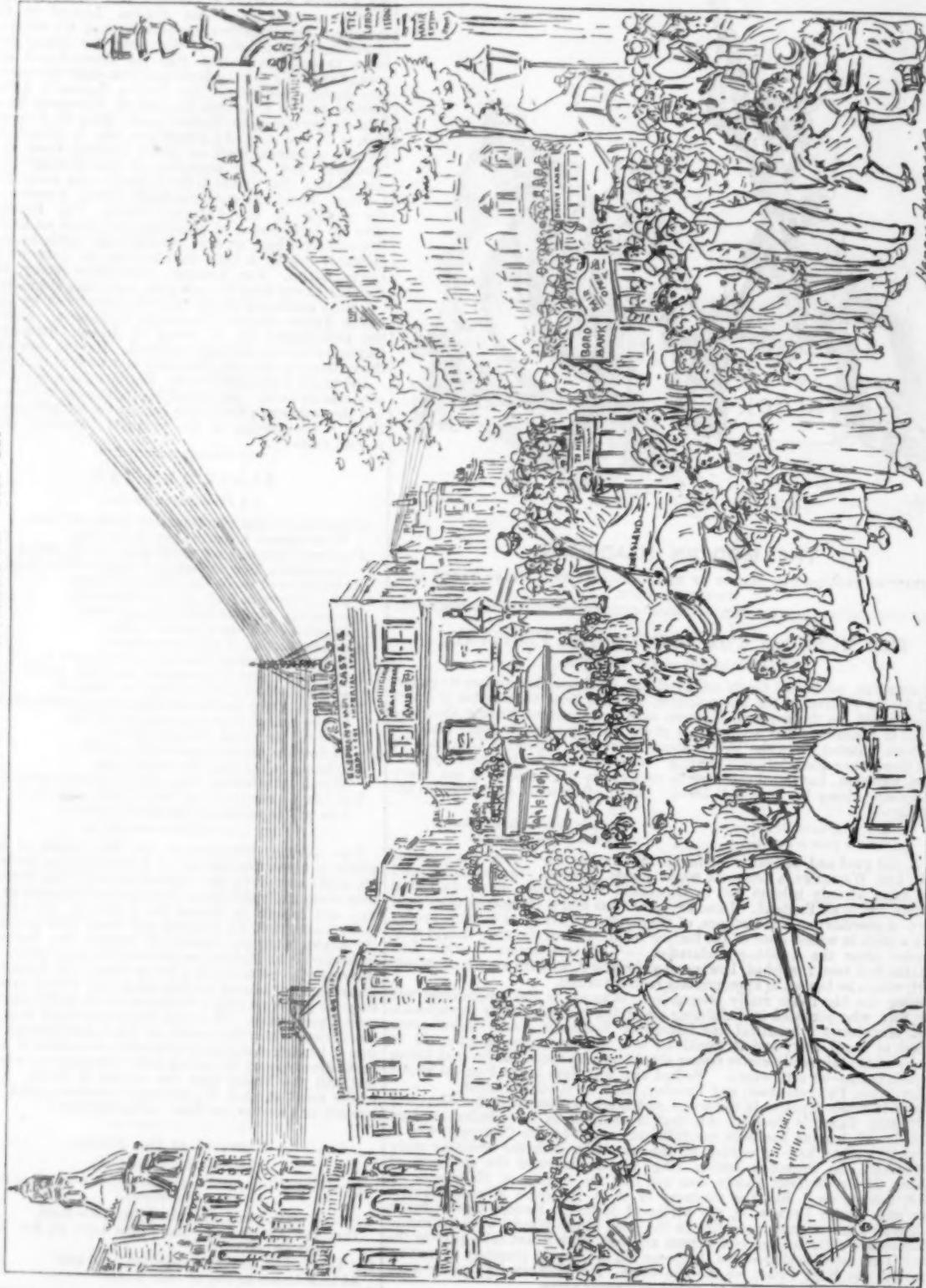
## A Survival of the Fittest.

(*By a Cricket Enthusiast.*)

[Mr. W. G. Grace, still heads the cricket averages of the Gloucester Eleven.]  
'Tis true, as POE said, that the Dryads are gone,  
That the Nymphs and the Fauns have all fled from  
their places.  
But Fate (which untimely deprived us of one)  
At least leaves us two of—the GRACES!

[SEPTEMBER 14, 1889.]

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 80.





## ON THE CHANCE.

"HULLO, FRED, WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU FIRING AT?"  
"OH—ER—I THOUGHT A HARE MIGHT BE COMING THROUGH THAT GAP IN THE HEDGE!"

## WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

TWENTY-THIRD EVENING.

"SOME nights ago," said the Moon, "I looked down into a London Music-Hall. It had a glass roof, and so, though the tobacco-smoke was rather thick at times, I could see a good deal of what went on. I suppose I have no sense of humour, for I could not understand most of the jokes, and those I understood did not amuse me very much. There was a stout woman without a voice, who sang a song which had no tune to speak of, and then kept everybody waiting while she put on another frock to sing a second song exactly like the first. There were funny men, who looked quite different from any real men I have ever seen in the streets, who told the audience how they took too



much to drink, or kissed other people's wives, or quarrelled with their own. It may have been all true, but it was certainly not interesting. There were people with pomatum on their hair and pink legs, who hung by their heels from a bar high in the air, or stood on the stage and bent themselves into attitudes that were not at all becoming. Close by the orchestra sat the Chairman, with a great jewel twinkling in the midst of his white shirt; every now and then, a young man with his hat on the back of his head would come up to the table where the great man sat, in the hope of receiving a shake of the hand from him, and if he condescended to accept a cigar or a glass of something to drink, as was sometimes the case, the youth felt that he had not lived in vain, for when one is young one must admire and look up to somebody. The audience were mostly comfortable, well-fed, respectable looking persons; they liked the entertainment—the men, because they could smoke

and drink while it was going on—the women, because they were not obliged to think, and there was no trouble in understanding what any of the performance was about.

"But none of the songs and none of the feats of skill and daring aroused any enthusiasm. I thought that they had got into a state in which nothing pleases or excites very much—but I was mistaken. Presently a girl came on the stage, who looked more natural than the women-singers who had gone before her. She stepped forward, and began in a pure, sweet voice, to sing a simple old ballad—I have known it a hundred years and more, and the words are innocent and pretty, and the air has a tuneful quaintness that is somehow pathetic. And so the audience felt it; the Chairman gazed up at the roof with so sentimental an expression, that a young man who was just about to take the coveted place at his side thought better of it, and retired. A tradesman in the Stalls put down his cigar, and looked at his stout wife with a sort of humorous affection, which she returned by a glance. Both were remembering the days of their courtship long ago, and the old touch of romance in their work-a-day life came back for a moment. The young clerks sipped beer solemnly, and looked down at the tables instead of at the females with hard eyes and unhappy faces, who were pacing restlessly about under the balconies. The barmaids at the refreshment-counters told their admirers impatiently that they did not want to be bothered just then, they wanted to listen to the song. A drunken man in the Gallery who attempted a screech was fiercely suppressed by his neighbours, and one or two finely-dressed ladies in the Boxes leaned back behind the curtains, and did not seem inclined to talk just then. When the song ended, and the fresh, clear notes died away, there came a great roar of applause—real applause this time, conveying an intense desire to hear the song once more, and the singer sang again and again for them the same song, for it seemed as if they could not hear it too often. At last she retired, and the hand-clapping subsided, and then the Chairman rang his bell, and another of the fat women came tripping on in short petticoats, with a leer on her painted lips, and the audience settled down into its ordinary frame of mind again. I don't know what the next song was about," said the Moon, "because I did not stay to hear it. However, I imagine that I did not lose very much."

## AFTER THE SAUCY SALMON.

*Further Sporting Notes from our Special Reporter.*

out of stalking some pigs at a neighbouring farm, and knocking them over with his *chilliullah*, but this merely led to disagreements, and a heavy claim on me for damages. Immensely relieved, therefore, was I at getting an unexpected invite from an old friend—a Scotch Laird—who owned a place in the Perthshire Highlands, to "look up" my rod," as he put it, and just come and help him to "whip over" his salmon run, adding that the fish were rising in first-rate style, and that if I was "keen on a take," he could promise me good sport.

I must confess to being rather ignorant on the subject of angling, my only acquaintance with the sport being derived from watching little boys fishing with little bobbing floats in the Serpentine some years ago; but I felt the chance was not to be missed, especially on behalf of my foreign friends; and on mentioning how I was situated, I was delighted at getting a reply by telegraph telling me to bring them by all means. The despatch concluded, "Short of tackle here. Bring yours with you."

This led, of course, to my having to provide my "party" with the nearest approach to proper "tackle" for salmon-fishing procurable at a moment's notice at a country village; and taking all the difficulties that encountered us into consideration, I think we may say that, on the whole, we were not badly equipped. Our rods gave us the greatest trouble, for I gathered that having sometimes to stand the strain of the tugging of a hundred and eighty pounds fish (at least so I understood from my informant, a farm-labourer who had a friend whose cousin had an uncle who kept a fish-shop in Glasgow), they must be of a certain reliable stoutness, yet, if possible, pliant as well. I therefore contrived my rod out of a thirteen-foot drawing-room ceiling mop, to which I had attached a second-hand heavy waggoner's whip. The only trouble with it was, that it would not, of course, double up, and so being rather lengthy, got a good deal in the way when travelling, especially when I had to manage to take it with me inside the four-horse coach that deposited us at Glen-Muggie, our Scotch host's place.

The Bulgarian Count was certainly better off in this regard, for I had secured him for his rod a chimney-sweep's apparatus—minus, of course, the brush,—of twelve lengths, which, when screwed together, afforded quite a magnificent-looking rod, though I fear it may prove a little heavy in the hand, and somewhat difficult to manage with an artful fish at the other end of it. As to the African Chief, he declined any rod at all, saying, that all he wanted was a good-sized "pitchfork," with which he proposed to dive after the fish himself. This appears to be the way in which salmon-fishing is conducted in *Meangumbloos*, the place from which the Chief hails, in South Central Africa, and I found it hopeless to persuade him to try any other method.

For our lines, we were fortunate in securing two hundred yards of yellow window-blind cord. It is a little stout, perhaps, to look at, but if the fish at Glen-Muggie are as lively as our host hints, it will be none the worse for that.

Coming to the matter of "flies," we found our ingenuity at first a little taxed. The Bulgarian Count had never even heard of their use before. It seems, that in the pools of the lower *Volta*, in which he had had his experience in "shark-fishing," which he insists is precisely the same thing as salmon-fishing, the only bait the natives

used was raw pork-chops, tinned lobster, and cocoa-nut paste, and I had some difficulty in explaining to him that, there would be not the slightest use in providing ourselves with several hundred-weight of these commodities.

I saw that for the manufacture of the flies I must rely entirely on my own resources, and knowing that the great aim to be kept in view was as faithful an adherence as possible to nature, I set to work and turned out what I really think are some successful specimens which would not be a disgrace to any angler's "Book" in the kingdom. Put in the form of a *Recipe*, this is how my book would read. I subjoin it, as it may be useful, specially to beginners:

**IMITATION BLUE-BOTTLE FOR SALMON-FISHING.**—Take a champagne cork, and paring it evenly along, wrap it up with string in shreds of fluff torn from an ordinary woollen door-mat. This represents the body of your fly. Now take four stout hairpins and, forcing them through the cork, let their prongs protrude at about equal distances from each other, which will supply it with legs. A couple of the feathers of two old quill pens cut short, and thrust, sticking out at an angle, into the back, furnish the wings. Now insert a good-sized curtain-hook into the head and at the tail of your fly, and finish, for natural colour, by dipping the whole into blue-black ink. When dry you will have a rough, and but for its size a life-like representation of the common domestic blue-bottle fly, that may be guaranteed to deceive and land the most experienced and cautiously inclined salmon.

Having heard of a salmon "ladder," and not knowing exactly how far this might not be expected to come into a guest's "tackle," for I don't exactly see how you can use a ladder at fishing, unless it be to descend from some overhanging crag down upon the fish, I nevertheless determined not to present myself at my Scotch host's retreat unprovided; and so, chancing on a small second-hand fire-escape for sale, I thought I should at least be on the safe side in investing in it. Add to this a wheelbarrow, which the Bulgarian Count assured me would be necessary for landing the fish, and picture all this strapped on to the top of the coach, and you will be able to appreciate the appearance of the Scotch Laird as we descend, and he welcomes us at the gates of his Highland box. The Chief, who I have persuaded to wear a kilt, has leapt from the top of the coach right over the leaders' heads, and has greeted him with a friendly war-whoop. I have introduced the Bulgarian Count to him, but I notice that all his attention seems fastened on the fire-escape, which, together with the rest of our luggage, is being deposited in a heap at the side of the Lodge. I say, in an off-hand way, "You told us to bring tackle, you know; and I've got the ladder, you see;" but he only looks scared. I wonder why?

So much for our preparations, and our arrival at our destination. But of our first day's sport in pursuit of "the Saucy Salmon," I must tell you next week.

## HEAD OR TAIL?

*(By a Puzzled Party-man.)*

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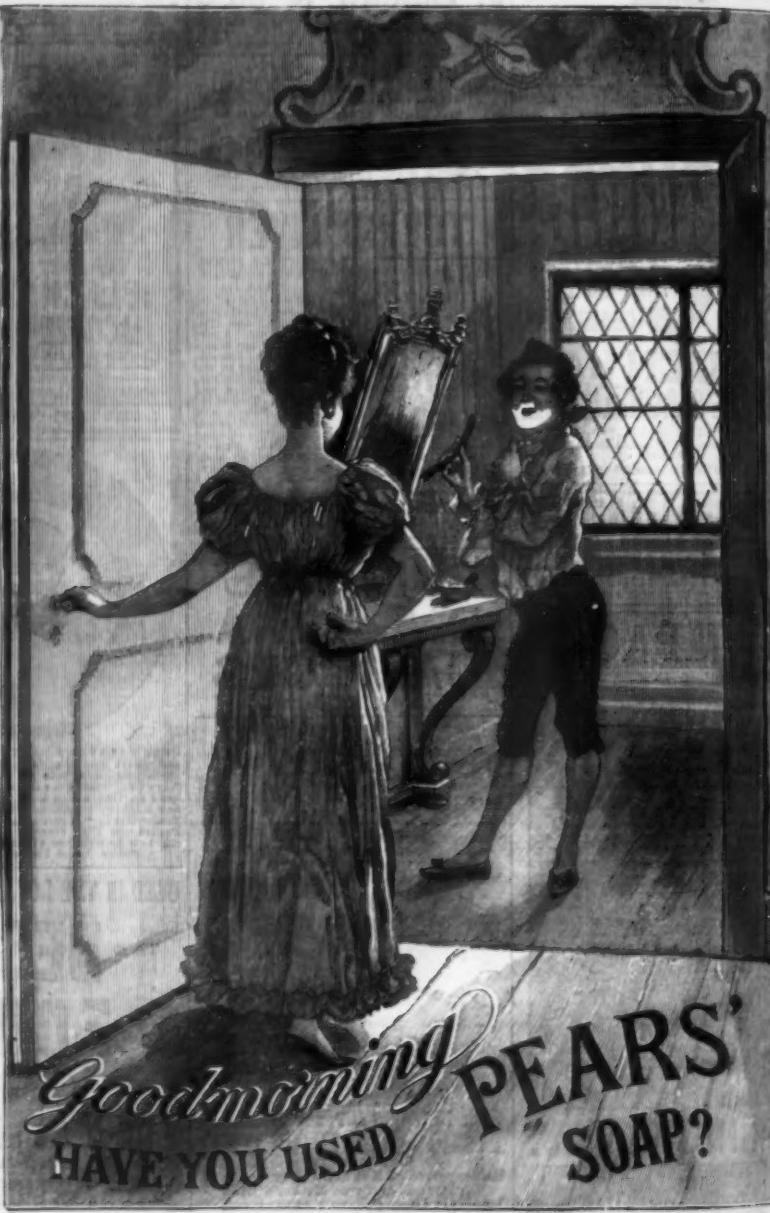
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